ROSALIE
THE PRAIRIE
FLOWER.

On the distant prairie, where the heather wild
In its quiet beauty lived and smil'd,
Stands a little cottage, and a creeping vine
Loves arouud its porch to twine;
In that peaceful dwelling was a lovely child,
With her blue eyes beaming, soft and mild,
And the wavy ringlets of the flaxen hair,
Floating in the summer air.

CHORUS.

Fair as a lilly, joyous and free,
Light of that prairie home was she.
Every one who knew her, felt the gentle power.
Of Rosalie the prairie flower.

On the distant prairie, when the days were long,
Tripping like a fairy, sweet her song,
With the sunny blossoms and the birds at play,
Beautiful and bright as they:
When the twilight shadows, gathered in the west,
And the voice of nature sunk to rest,
Like a cherub kneeling seemed the lovely child,
With her gentle eyes so mild.

But the summer faded, and a chily blast
O'er that happy cottage swept at last,
When the autumn song birds woke the dewy morn,
Little prairie flower was gone:
For the angels whispered softly in her ear,
"Child, thy father calls thee; stay not here;
And they gently bore her, robed in spotless white,
To their blissful home of light.

H. DE MARSAN, Publisher.
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